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WAKE/KNOW TRIGGERS A WARRIOR'S INSIGHT

by Douglas M. Black

Douglas M. Black, Colonel LJSMC Ret., has worked in the commercial and defense information technology industries and has been a student of the Monroe methods for over a decade. He has attended four residential programs at TMI, including LIFELINE. Doug is active in the Dolphin Energy Club, which supports healing, and recently joined the Professional Division. In his memoir, Finding My Way, Colonel Black highlights his personal journey of spiritual discovery through his training in and application of the Monroe technology. He and his wife, Leslie, currently live in Salisbury, North Carolina, where he writes.

During the early 1990s, I served as the senior communications staff officer at Headquarters, United States Marine Corps for Command, Control, Communications, and Intelligence. One of my duties was to participate as a staff planner and discussion leader in an annual naval exercise hosted by the chief of naval operations at the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. This week-long technology and staff planning exercise focused on the deployment of U.S. and Allied naval forces in various global war-fighting scenarios. The primary goal of this important event was the accurate identification of areas of technical weakness that required attention and investment to ensure that future war-fighting strategies would be successful and able to support various foreign policy scenarios.

My specific assignment was ground battle commander. I would work in close coordination with two senior navy officers who would act as the Surface and Amphibious Ready Group Warfare commanders. The three of us, with advice from a well-respected retired admiral, would run our portion of the exercise and interface with other groups. I was impressed with the large number of credentialed professionals from nearly every aspect of the war-fighting community. Once all of the oak chairs in our 1940s-style classroom were filled, our team numbered nearly a hundred. We organized very quickly, and by the end of day one had a fairly clear idea what we were about.

I was very pleased to see this progress but was quite disturbed to learn very late in the day that my two "co-commanders" were being called away to handle unexpected and unavoidable crises. I did not expect to see either of them again that week. Virtually on my own, I felt abandoned and terrified. The admiral and I looked at each other, sighed, and shrugged our shoulders. We knew all too well that key people who attended these exercises had real-world assignments that occasionally took priority.

That night, after a dinner I hardly tasted, I returned to my hotel room wondering how in God's name to pull this one out of the fire. I was not experienced enough to play the surface warfare

role successfully, although I could handle the amphibious role and my own. But the primary issue was what process to use to arrange the many technology issues that would surface over the next several days. How, with all those experts with their own strong opinions, would we be able to determine what was most and least important? Budget decisions would be based largely on our recommendations, and in the five to ten years to follow, the success of foreign policy and the lives of uniformed and civilian service personnel would depend on our getting it right.

I had completed my first residential program at The Monroe Institute a few months before and had purchased and was beginning to apply some of the Hemi-Sync tapes. I even had some TMI reading material with me just in case there was extra time—silly me! But with that material was a tape entitled *Wake/Know* from the MIND FOOD series. Early in my regular job assignment as the chief communications staff officer for the Marine Corps, I had quickly realized that I was faced with a tremendous workload and required to learn a mountain of new material. Along with working long hours, finding and keeping talented people on the staff, and trying my best, I also began to explore TMI products in hope of enhancing my productivity. I intended to read up on *Wake/Know* and possibly try it out during the current exercise.

Considering my options, I realized that I needed a miracle. I desperately wanted some idea of the “right” answer to be looking for at the end of the week. After making some notes, I looked at the clock on the dresser. It was 10:00 P.M.; I was beat. Since I was fresh out of any further ideas, I put the tape on and went to bed asking the question, “What is the key technology requirement that needs to be fulfilled to drive all other essential future war-fighting processes?” And then I slept.

Vaguely, I became aware that I was waking up. I opened my eyes to find the ceiling was deep black and filled my vision. I could not see my hotel room. “This is odd,” I remarked to myself. “God, it’s dark in here for morning.” As I stared at the blackness above me it began to change. Slowly but steadily the center of the blackness in the middle of the ceiling began to extend downward in an inverted mound shape. The action was slow and deliberate as if the protrusion was working against substantial resistance. Then bright orange/red fracture lines appeared and radiated out from the center of the protrusion. As it grew, the lines of fracture lengthened in all directions.

*1 watched, mystified, in my early morning half-dream state. After what seemed only a few minutes, the mound stopped growing and a voice said in what I perceived as clear, deep, and resounding English: “Database management.” The mound retreated upward until the black ceiling resumed its normal flat appearance. The orange/red fissures closed, and the blackness faded.

I lay in my bed stunned, motionless, and hardly breathing. Suddenly I realized that my eyes were NOT open, but closed! I opened them. There was the hotel room, dusky in the early morning light, ivory walls and ceiling. The “blackness” was gone—fading quickly into the dust of dreams. But the voice, the voice remained clear and imposing in my mind. I slowly began to comprehend that I was lying in the same position in which I had gone to sleep the night before. Wow! What had happened? The irritating snap of the alarm interrupted my thoughts, the music began, and so did day two of the exercise. The main difference was that I might have an answer to my question.

I dressed, ate, and hurried to the classroom. The early-rising admiral stopped me at the door. With a concerned look on his weathered, careworn, but friendly face, he asked, “Well, Doug, what’s the plan for today?”

“We’re going to focus on database management, Admiral. We’ll walk each warfare area through their war-fighting processes, see which essential war-fighting databases need to interact, highlight those that do not, and see where that leads us.”

The admiral eyed me with surprise. “I didn’t know you were a data guy.”

“I’m not, sir. I really don’t know anything about it. I’m just a mud communicator, you know—two wires and a telephone. Data processing and all is not my area.”

“Well, where did you get this idea?” he asked with a searching look.

“I was thinking about it last night and it sort of. . . came to me. Anyway, it seems like it might be a good way to get things going. What do you think?”

“Let’s give it a try,” he replied with a supportive and relieved tone. We exchanged smiles and moved to the head table to get day two rolling.

Three days later, after many hours of often stressful and contentious discussion and dialogue, our recommendations list led off with the topic “Integration of Essential War-Fighting Databases” as the most critical investment required to ensure future war-fighting success. I did not impose this result; I do not believe that would have been possible with a room full of type-A, independent thinkers. But I did encourage it by always keeping the topic before the participants.

I felt certain then—and believe to this day—that Wake/Know provided a process that allowed me to know the answer to my question, even without practical experience in data management. Really needing the help surely played a part, but the incredible results were, for me, undeniable.

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